MAYFAIR

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 6 No. 5

INCORPORATING King

Victoria Jane–the girl who couldn't wait

The day the Navy tried to sink itself

Cobb and the Lunchtime Girls

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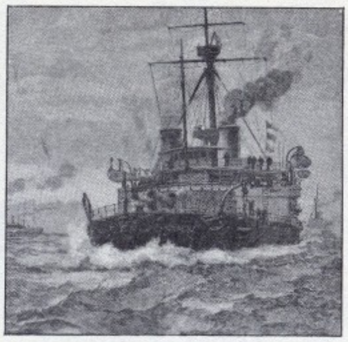

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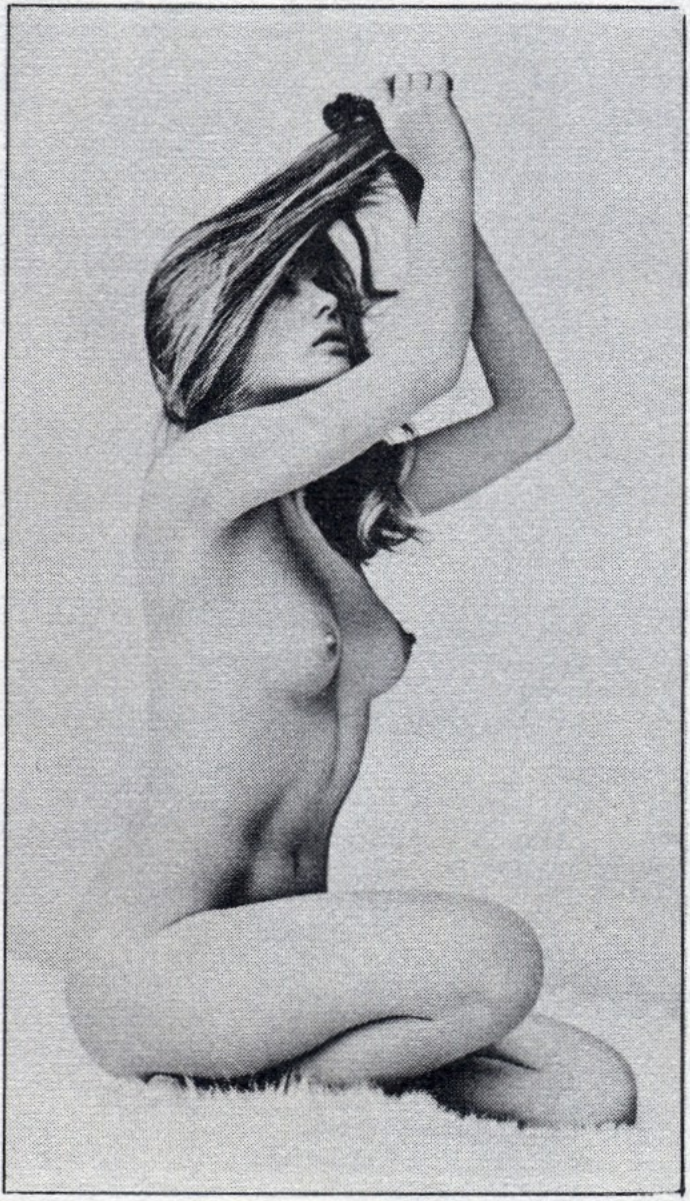
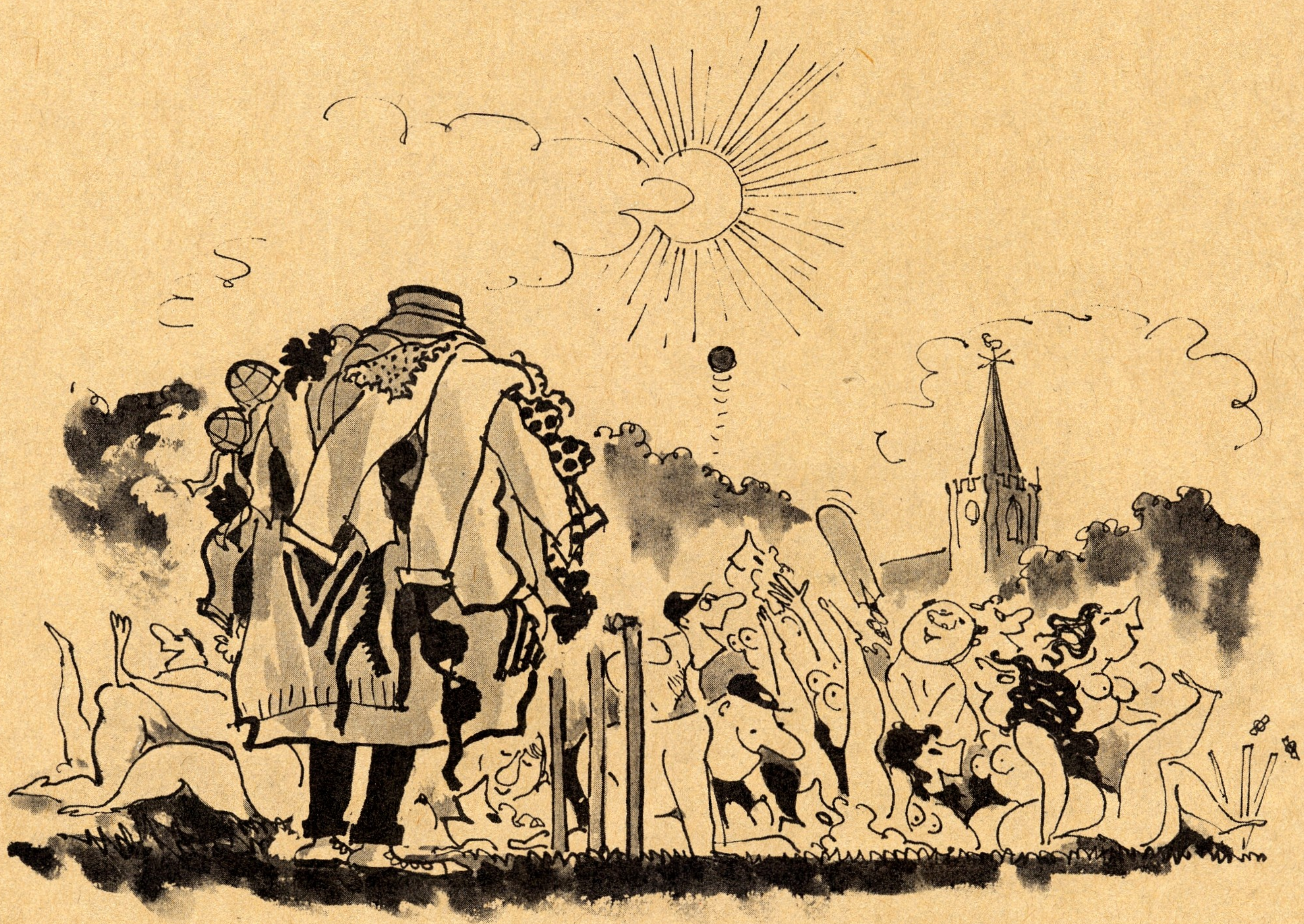
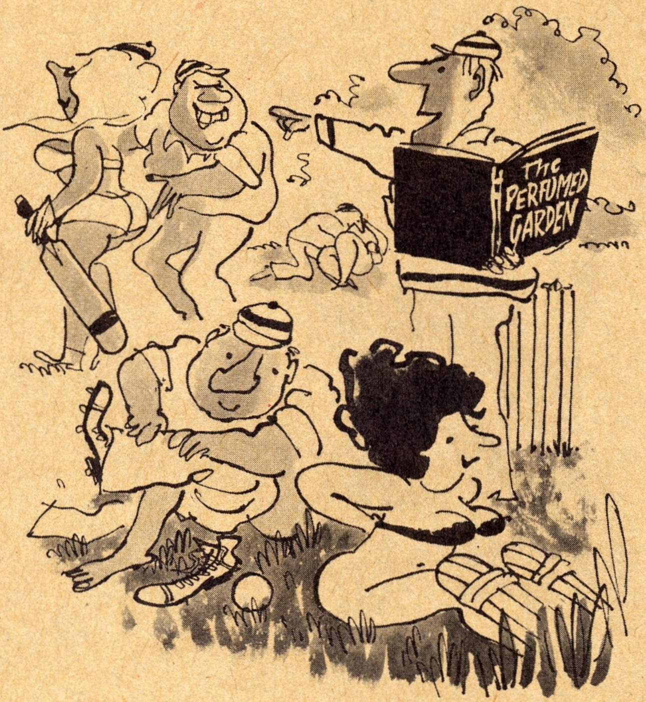


Father Times' *lovely daughter*

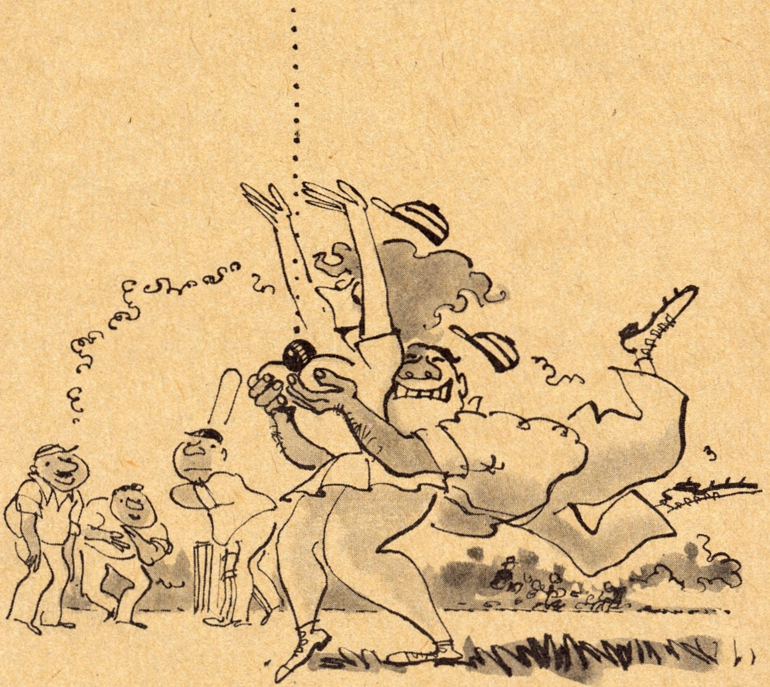


More leg before wicket

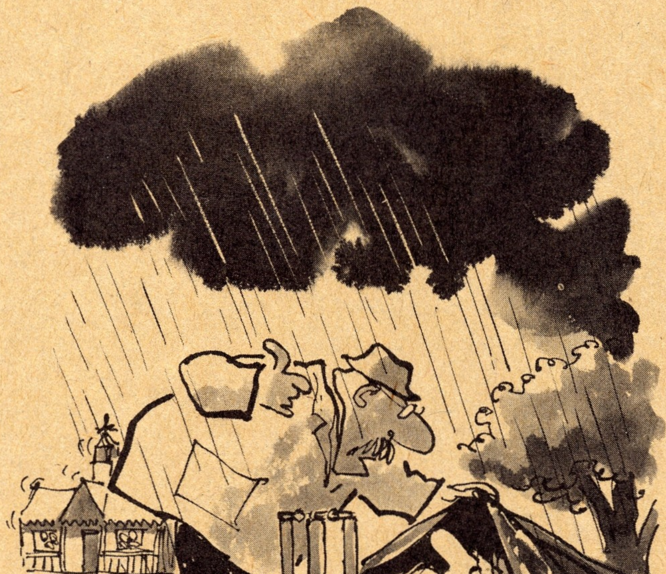
Brighter cricket? Roy Raymonde feels confident he has the answer to all the clubs' difficulties: mixed teams. Here he provides a selection of minor rule adjustments certain to bring crowds flocking back



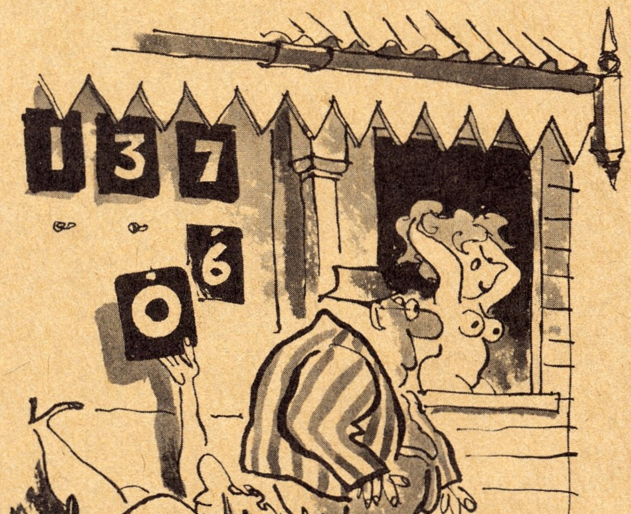
To avoid unnecessary delay, a captain shall decide on his team's positioning ten minutes before opening . . .



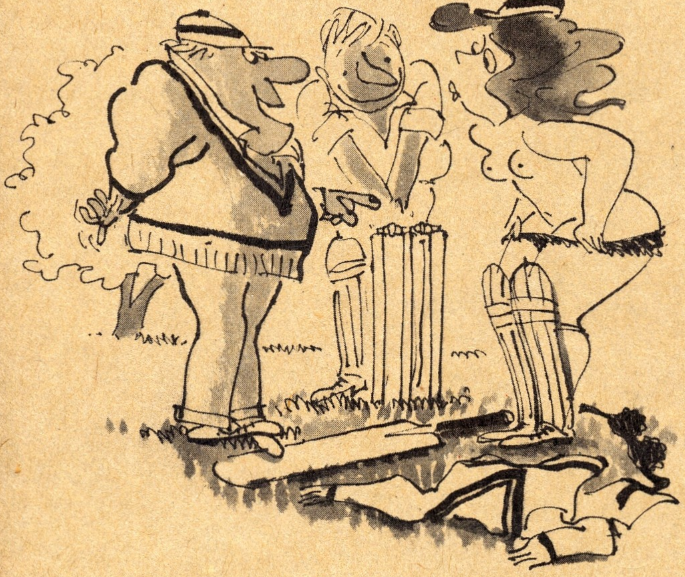
A fieldsman shall be permitted to go to the assistance of a fellow to facilitate the completion of a difficult catch . . .



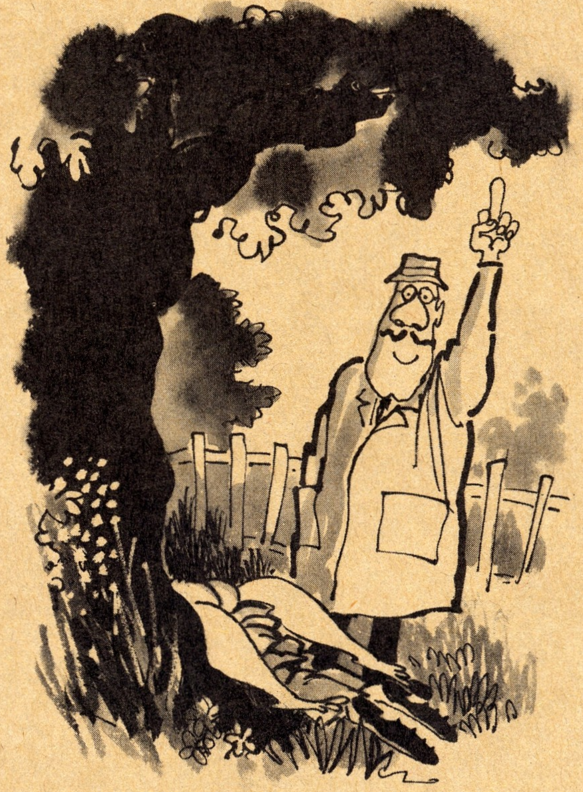
In the event of rain, play may be continued (subject to facilities) in the pavilion . . .



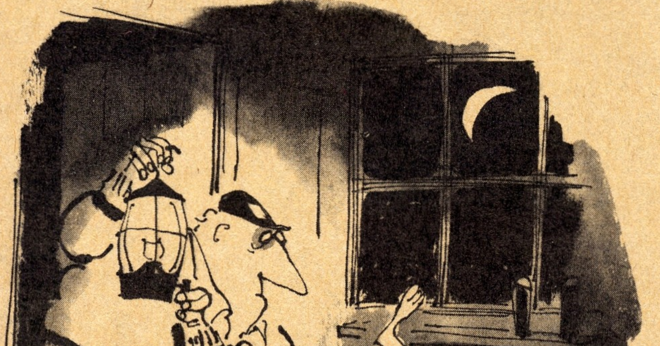
When the scorer's attention is diverted by some other aspect of the match, a player may be permitted to record his own score . . .



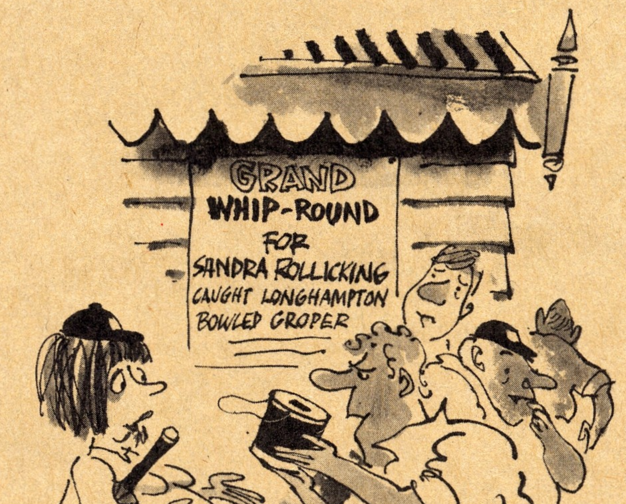
A captain may arbitrarily order the removal of any excess clothing which in his opinion may prove to be a hindrance to a player's performance . . .



At the umpire's discretion, an over may be recorded even though made outside the boundary . . .



Appeals against the light will be allowed only if conditions unduly hamper a player's performance . . .


GRAND
WHIP-ROUND
FOR
SANDRA ROLLICKING
CAUGHT LONGHAMPTON
BOWLED GROPER

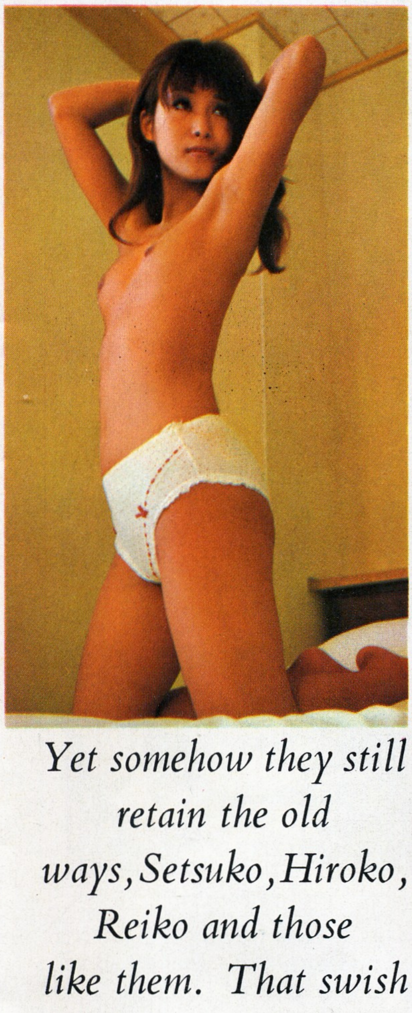
An end-of-season benefit shall be held for any player who has sustained injury as a direct result of that season's play . . .

Ohayo Gozaimasu, Soft-skinned daughters of the Dawn

The sun is rising on a new kind of Japanese woman. We hail her in this special portfolio

Always they have been renowned for a certain softness. That submissiveness which has made Japan's girls, for so many men, the juiciest grapes of the Orient. Today they are escaping from constriction by kimono and convention

Such girls are Setsuko Mikata, Hiroko Kai and the shy Reiko Azuma. They are purring scions of this transistor age. Daughters of a dawning freeness for a race of women who have spent centuries wishing nothing other than to please



Yet somehow they still retain the old ways, Setsuko, Hiroko, Reiko and those like them. That swish of skirts, the patter of sandals: for them the bow is a way of life. We hail them, 'Ohayo gozamasu,' with Japan's morning greeting.

Maui

Put your pants on, Cynthia

What the wife wears
hotter than hot issue/A

'Cynthia, you won't. I will not allow it and I expressly forbid it.'

'Michael you're a prig.'

'I am not a prig. I have enough to contend with accompanying you and your bizarre fashions out in public without you essaying forth in see through Hot Pants.'

'So they're see through. So what can you see?'

'You've got a point there, Doll. With no pants and no pubes there's not a lot *to* see – but believe me, it's enough. What with your transparent blouse, no bra and multi hued nipple varnish you couldn't flaunt yourself any more flagrantly if you tried. How far out can you *go*? You're a weirdo. What possible sensation do you get from garbing yourself in such degenerate apparel?'

'It is not degenerate apparel. It's trendy. You should count yourself fortunate that my bust is such that I require no bra – therefore why wear one? See through blouses are so passé they are almost finished anyway, but if I happen to be wearing one and I have no bra then naturally I must wear nipple varnish.'

'And your pants?'

'I don't wear pants.'

'I *know* you don't wear pants. Half London knows you don't wear pants. What bothers me is *why* you don't wear pants.'

'Why wear pants?'

'Because hundreds of thousands of women for hundreds of years in hundreds of different countries have found a necessity to wear pants. There are hundreds of varieties to choose from. Surely *some* of them must appeal to you?'

'Such as?'

'Well – there are knickers, drawers, passion killers for cold weather or the advent of oncoming moodies. There are the skimpiest of lace or nylon briefs which afford the modicum of practicality to the owner/occupier by preventing their complete nakedness. Or there are "G" strings in various shapes and sizes with dangly tinkle bells up front or a little cluster of artificial pearls or a tuft of swan's down – oh the possibilities are limitless. You can even get crotchless ones.'

'Crotchless? What are they for?'

'Anything really. They facilitate three natural bodily functions. You usually find them being worn by nymphos who get caught short from time to time. Then there's your actual kinky stuff.'

'Kinky stuff?'

'Yes. Rubber, leather, steel, corrugated iron, polystyrene – you name it, *someone'll* make it for you.'

Cynthia mused for a moment then shook her head determinedly. 'No – you won't convince me. I admit that if you and your partner have a craving for some fetish or fantasy where cardboard knickers are called for, then there's a case. Otherwise the advantages of not wearing them far outweighs anything you've said so far.'

'For heaven's sake, Cynthia. What advantages?'

'Simple. You can't ever be caught with them down, for a start. They can't be mislaid and later used as evidence against you. They can't ride up in hot weather . . . and it saves time.'

'Cynthia you're wanton.'

'I'm wanton nothing. I'm perfectly well adjusted and I still don't see the need to wear pants. I'll admit it's purely a personal preference. Don't think that when I'm introduced to other men for the first time I niftily flick up my skirt for a quick shufti, thus intimating "I don't wear pants I'm a way out anything goes *nouveau vogue* chick so get me and how does this lot grab you.' Oh no. If I'm in the mood for that

ILLUSTRATION BY JUDITH HOWARD

this is a serious discussion

underneath can be a duologue by Mike George

sort of shennanigan I'm far more subtle. It's inevitable on escalators and buses and things, isn't it?'

'Not if you wore pants. And while you so adamantly foray forth in public thus unattired, why do you have to sport that Brynner effect below?'

'Because it feels nice.'

'But it's not normal, Cynthia. Why can't you be like most girls and make do with a diamond cut or perm.'

'They never do.'

'Perhaps not – but at least they are content to leave their pubic cluster untended, untrimmed, unclipped, unshaped, unstyled, unshaven and growing *au naturel*, entirely alone and completely wild . . . Why do you have to have a skinhead bargain basement?'

'It's cool in summer.'

'Yea. Real cool. You're hedging Cynthia. If a fellow is walking upstairs behind a girl and he catches a glimpse of her pants, wow. He's set up for the day. If he *doesn't* catch a glimpse of them when he *ought* to then it's wow × 100. He double takes. His eyes do the organ stop thing and a funny little smile plays round his suddenly very dry lips. Whether the girl is blonde on top and ginger where it matters most is of no accord to the steaming git on the escalator. He's flipped anyway and the girl's exhibitionist psyche has scored a bull for itself. *That*, my Love, is the kind of fire you're playing with.'

'Gosh.'

'You've turned yourself into a walking centre page spread with "I like it" scrawled across your bottom.'

'Alright. I take your point.'

'Good. Otherwise you'd end up taking several.'

'But only with my minis. Surely in maxis and midis a girl has no need to wear pants for "decency's" sake? If her man of the moment is going to get there anyway then surely what a bonus for him to encounter expectantly warm and pulsating fun flesh instead of nylon. Such must his delight react upon his libido that the lady's subsequent enjoyment, and thus his own, must increase a hundredfold as well.'

'I do trust that we are discussing this matter hypothetically, Cynthia?'

'Oh of *course*, darling, of *course*.'

'Then if you feel so strongly about it why not advocate that men follow suit?'

'What? And wear no pants?'

'Precisely.'

'Oh don't be absurd. Despite this his/hers age of ours men could never emulate the female to that extent. For a start it would be a most unpleasant way of life for his trousers. And how could he support his cod piece when that little accessory becomes *de rigeur*? A low slung, overdeveloped, unrestricted, juicy female pubis doesn't begin to be as pendulous as even the most retarded male pudendum for which a zip fastener already presents at times a very tricky problem. It's one thing to live dangerously – but that would be ridiculous.'

'So you feel a man *should* wear pants.'

'But of course. . . . What do you think you're doing?'

'Taking mine off.'

'So I see – but whatever for?'

'Because, Cynthia, my Dear, you can have a midi with a thigh vent to your navel; you can wear crotchless pants atop crotchless tights worn under an open pleated PVC micro skirt shrouded by a maxi coat, viewing to be by appointment or accident or intention only . . . but if you insist in wearing those see through Hot Pants *and* leaving off your knickers – then by jiminy why shouldn't I?'

At 21 Victoria Jane Cornish is fresh, free and sometimes unnervingly frank. She is the penultimate modern girl, physically and mentally aware of herself and her motivations and just as much at ease in maxis, midis, an evening gown or jeans and sweater. She has something of a woman's bearing and yet something too of a young girl's unaffected directness, living in a community of young people in an old converted farmhouse where the rule is share and share alike. She has no designs on wealth or property, moving along from day to day in jeans and a three-sizes-too-large shirt which gets grubby sometimes from lying in the grass but on her is sexy always. If she doesn't wear a bra, the nipples of her 34–24–34 figure show dark through the shirt and she often wears it unbuttoned, careless of men's eyes or thoughts, inadvertently sensual. She retains her basic femininity at all times. That is one thing she will not sacrifice in her quest to be free of social and material pressures. 'Certainly I have sex. But it has to be with love and gentleness too. Sex is for loving, not just itself. I'm on the pill and there's little risk. It's all a part of being free to love.'

VICTORIA
JANE

Restlessness and a desire for change are an intrinsic part of her make-up. She reads widely, paints often and writes spasmodically in quick rotation. Soon she's leaving for a six month stay in America. She has many friends over there, and includes among her acquaintances the wife of Martin Luther King. 'I'm going to travel from North to South and study civil rights on the way.' Her training has been physical as well as mental. 'I was the naughtiest girl at school. I was brought before the headmaster practically every day.' She finally switched from a string of jobs to a study of ballet and drama. Sex is important to her. She can't see why it's a male privilege to be thought a wonderful chap if you're having sex with half a dozen different women. 'Women are just not allowed to do that and still retain any respect. But they still have the same sex drives and desires.' She doesn't claim to be monogamous. It's not her thing. Her parents first introduced her to a different society and way of life when they started taking her on the Aldermaston marches. She found she liked this new free-living free-wheeling life, she agreed with what it stood for. She's free; tomorrow's girl.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / VICTORIA JANE CORNISH

GIRLS IN GREEN PLACES

Ah, the spring. Not the third spring from the left on aunt Mona's sofa which brought that blonde from the typing pool to such a sudden and surprised end, but the joyful season of re-birth when young girls breathe deep of the bloom scented air, sending insecure blouse buttons buzzing like demented worker bees from flimsily covered beehives.

I recollect an auspicious lunchtime in Hyde Park a spring or two back. By a pure fluke of chance I just happened to be balancing nonchalantly in the large lower branches of a wide elm tree. There I was dipping heartily into my speedisnak luncheon for one, when glancing down, I espied below me, as I rather hoped I would, on the farther side of the tree, a barely clothed young girl fondling a clump of daisies.

She was reposing on a bright yellow towel in a mini dress that rode high of cheekily moulded buttocks. Large young breasts spilled from the front of her dress and grazed the grass as she moved. I could hardly believe my luck.

I lost my grip on my lunch and watched fascinated as it plunged like a dose of aunt Mona's rock cakes to land frozen prawn side up, by her nose.

'Oh,' she cried, obviously taken aback. She might even have taken a prawn.

Leaning from my branch to keep an eye on her bouncing boobies, I was suddenly off balance and pausing only to light a cigarette and thump my chest, fell out, landing in my lunch.

'What do you mean,' she said, as I scraped a residue of dried prawn from my trouser seat, 'by falling out of that tree just as I was unawares?'

'My lunch,' I said. 'I wanted merely to retrieve my lunch.'

'Well, your lunch has no business to be zooming about like it was. What would happen if everyone let their lunches loose.

'Well,' I mused. 'There'd be far more people wearing dried prawn trousers for a start.

'How do you think you'd feel,' she cried, 'if young women started falling out of trees on your neck?'

'I'd feel fortunate my dear,' I replied, leaning back and chewing lazily on my crumpled cigarette. 'Then I'd feel *them*.'

Scooping her errant boobs back into their cups, she strode off with her towel, muttering, 'Well, you're not feeling me.

On my way down to the lake to feed the remains of my battered lunch to the ducks, I chanced upon a blonde, who, no doubt through too much heavy breathing had blown her blouse buttons. Her breasts were taut and bare to the noonday sun and anyone else who cared to level binoculars.

'Good afternoon,' I murmured, tripping over a tree root and collapsing headlong beside her, launching my ruined lunchpack across the grass into a clump of primroses.

She languidly opened one eye, flexed her left breast, making it point and quiver, fixed me in her piercing gaze, closed her eye and seemed to have fallen asleep.

'Excuse me,' I said. 'I've just fallen from a tree and lost my memory.'

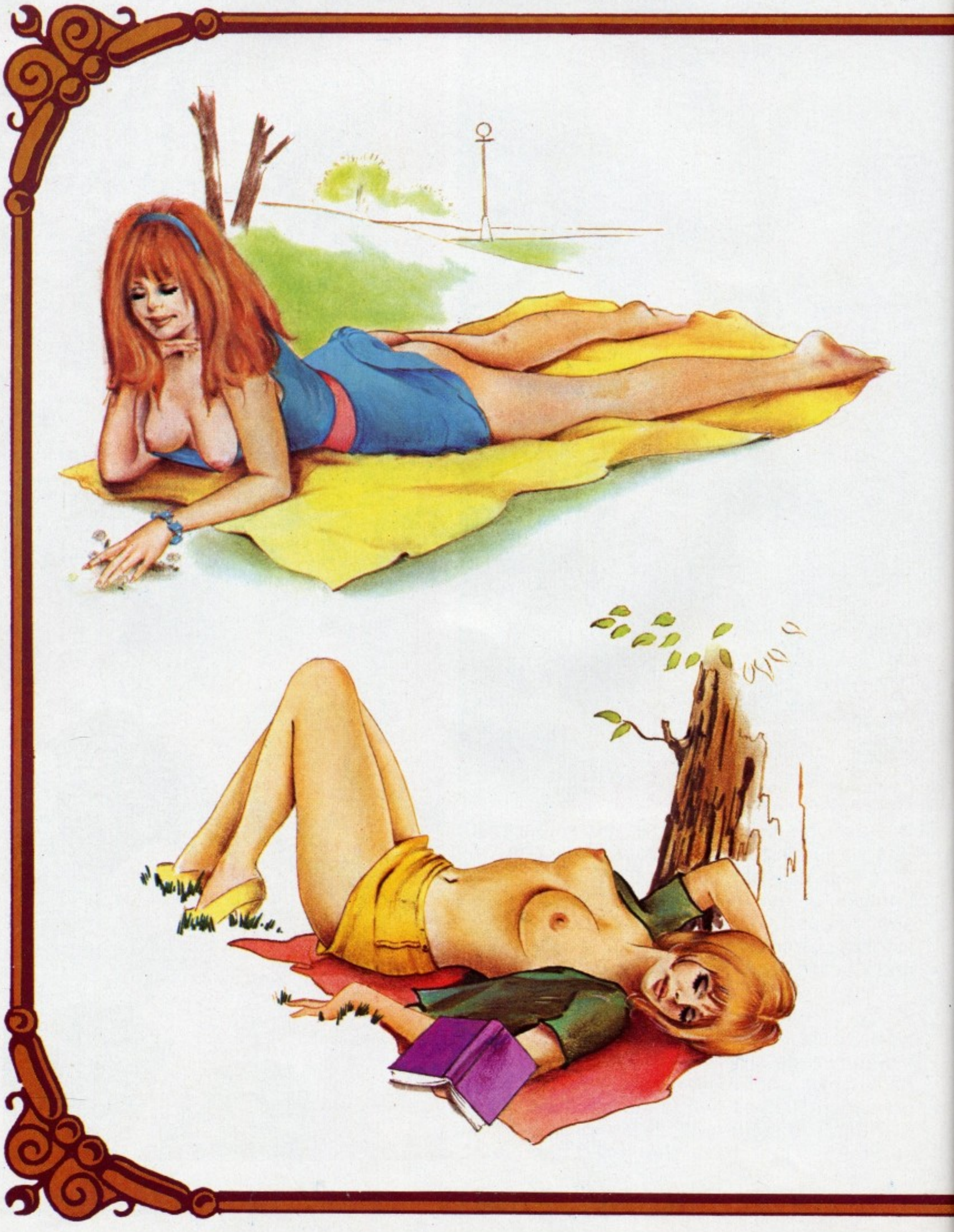
Her eyes fluttered open and she raised herself on her elbows, throwing her jutting breasts forwards and upwards like radio controlled pomegranates. She regarded me long and coolly. 'Why don't you just climb back there again?'

Sighing sadly at what might have been I retrieved my lunch and wended my way on down to the Serpentine through the strewn bodies, treading quite by error on the discarded hat of a reclining bosomy brunette. Pausing momentarily on top of her hat I noticed that her panties, drawn tight between the cleft of her thighs, matched the colour of her dress.

'You're standing on my hat,' she said, gazing up.

'Why, so I am. How remiss of me,' I murmured.

'Would you mind stepping off,' came the sweet reply. 'You



In the spring, Edward Knox's fancy turns to thoughts of the sexy sights to be seen in London's parks. Drawings by Cobb

must weigh about half a ton and you're squashing it flat.'

'Talking of flat,' I idly remarked, stepping off and squatting within reach of her outthrust thighs. 'You have the finest set of curves since the Olympic games flag was designed.'

'Come again?' she queried, obviously at a loss.

'Certainly,' I cried. 'What's your address and when would it be convenient?'

'You come barging across the grass, clutching that revolting smelly mess, stand on my hat and stare up my dress. What on earth are you trying to do?'

'You,' I cried.

'Go away,' she said.

'You're holding something against me,' I replied.

'On the contrary, you're the one who's holding something against me. Please remove it.'

'I can't,' I said. 'It's my favourite part of me. Without it I'd feel foolish.'

'If you don't stop, I'll call a park keeper.'

'What?' I appealed to her better nature. 'And have me trussed up in a brace of deckchairs. There might be an accident.'

'There will be,' she said, 'If you don't go somewhere else.'

An hour later I was on the point of giving up. Plunging homewards through the thick undergrowth of little frequented parts, I chanced upon what appeared at first glance to be a pair of honeydew melons.

To my joyous surprise closer inspection revealed a pair of faded white jeans stretched tightly half way down the most delightfully bobbing rump I hoped it might ever be my pleasure to fondle.

'Hey,' came a voice. I glanced up from my inspection, following the line of her pert clinging breasts to her soft full mouth. But it was her eyes that told on her, as they say in these true life romances. They were the deep sensual eyes of the fun loving 'let's play at mummy and daddy' girl and they looked up at me from the pages of a student magazine she had been reading. Perhaps she was lying here just waiting for some steamy male to come pounding lustfully through those bushes. And that steamy male, readers, was I. And steamier than Knox you just cannot get.

'Hello,' I tried. 'Reading anything interesting?'

'Hmmm, yes, I was reading an article on ecology.'

'Ah,' I said knowledgeably, 'the study of the balance between nature and human society. Which reminds me, these cheeks are superbly balanced, they're a perfect match.'

'Is that why you're feeling them?' she asked.

'Hum, yes,' I threw back, 'I was very interested in their ecological significance.'

'Oh, is my bum ecologically significant then?'

'Ah, yes, but of course,' I said, lying down beside her and pulling her close. 'And so are these . . .' as I gently delved into her blouse and released a round and silky smooth breast from its mooring straps, cupping it firmly in the palm of my hand.

'Why?' she asked, staring deep into my eyes, quivering slightly as her nipple hardened.

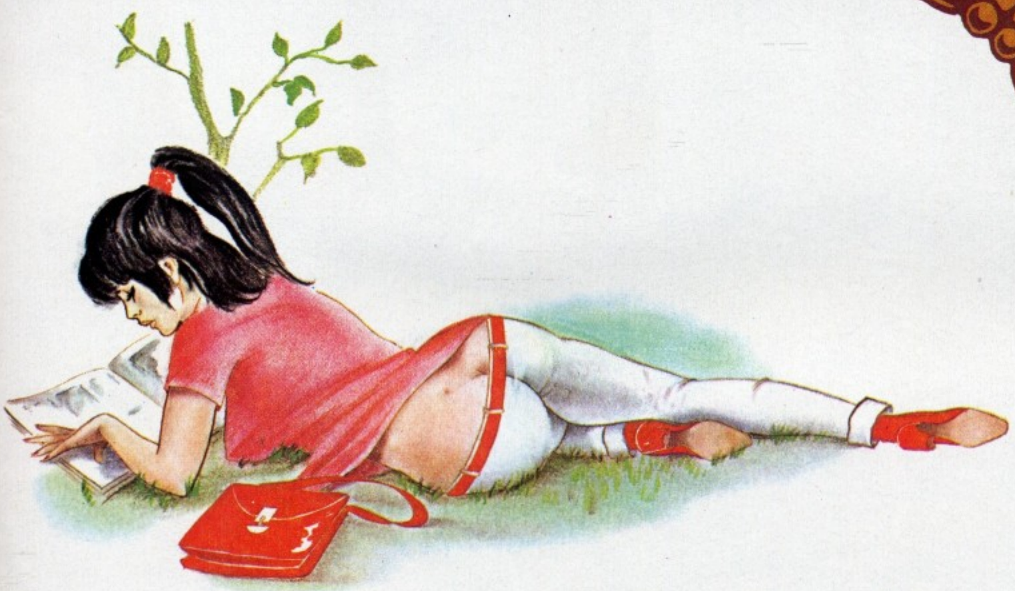
'Well, you see, the big thing about ecology,' I murmured, unfastening her belt and the top of her jeans, 'is that it gets right down to the bare bottom of the matter.' I began to lower her jeans over those twin nestling cheeks. 'It strips bare the entire relationship between man and his surroundings.'

'Is that what you're doing to me? Stripping my surroundings bare?'

'Well, yes, I suppose it is. I'm interested in getting to the crutch . . . er the crux of the matter.' I could feel the throb of long but not forgotten parts.

'Well,' she replied, 'It's jolly nice and you can keep on doing it. What is more, I think I'll do it to you too.'

She did too. So much so that I can never pass the third rhododendron on the left in that particular park without a sob of nostalgia wracking my ancient frame.



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MAYFAIR
King

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Special Issue at 45p: Vol. 3: 11 (First Quest, Nicola nude, explosives, ribaldry)

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(See page 73 for details of back numbers containing Quest)

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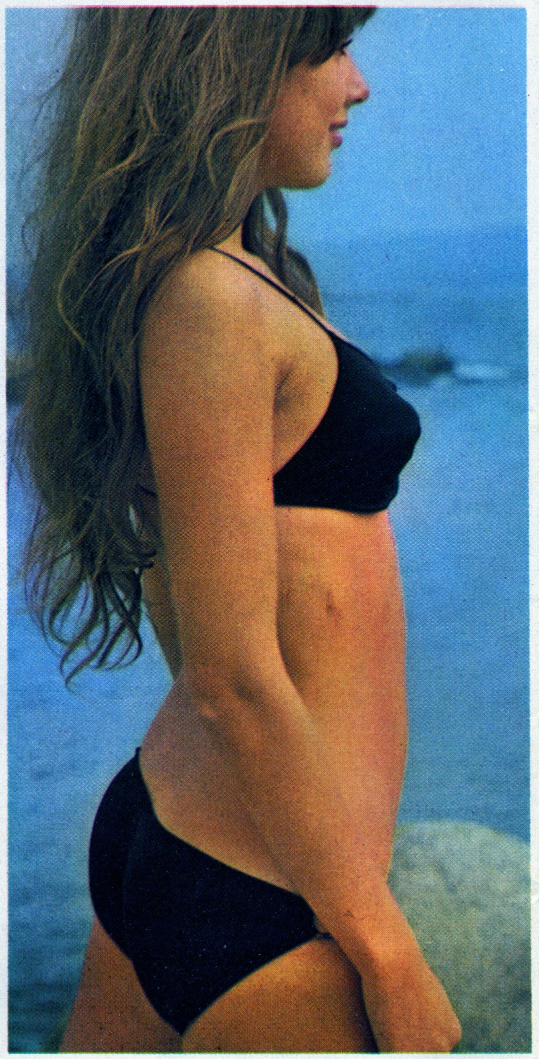

For Annie, the truth also lies in doing her own thing. She works to save money during the winter and takes an extended four month holiday in search of the sun. 'Some people follow others, some follow personalities. I follow the sun.' You're just as likely to find her sunbathing somewhere on the south coast as mountain walking through the Highlands. 'I'm rather a connoisseur of sunbathing spots. I've found one or two quiet places where I can be naked. But there aren't many, as you can see by the white parts of me that my bikini covers. I hardly ever get to sunbathe nude. Soon as I find somewhere, people start appearing from behind rocks and things – picnicking families and such.' She is aware of the effect her body has on men, but doesn't flaunt it. 'I have a body. It is considered sexy and perhaps beautiful. I'm quite inclined to let people see it, but I couldn't use it against anyone, even in a teasing sort of way.' Ask her what she wants from life and she replies, 'I'll marry one day and have children, but right now I wouldn't mind being invited to a discotheque.'' So she turned the tables that time because we could hardly refuse to take her. But will she again? It depends how much you take her for granted. Once too often and you'd suddenly turn around and find her no longer there, but moving on somewhere else and just being truly beautiful.

ANNIE

Truth is beauty, propounded Keats while in Italy removed from the daily grind. 'He was referring to people, not inanimate objects,' says 19-year-old Annie Rowalen, our nubile miss from Dundee, whose sparkling 35–24–35 attests to her own physical truth. 'If you find beauty in a person – mentally, not physically – then you can find the key to your own truth with them. You find the truth about yourself when you love someone.' She is not attracted by muscular torsos. 'I find attractiveness in a man comes with the things he can teach a woman. I like quiet softly spoken people, though I'm sometimes a shade extrovert myself. If I'm not attracted to a man, I let him know straight away.' she says. 'I can't have a relationship with someone based on false assumptions.'

Mayfair's film brings Sylvia Bayo's lithe round-breasted body, string vest and all, to your own home

THE MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY

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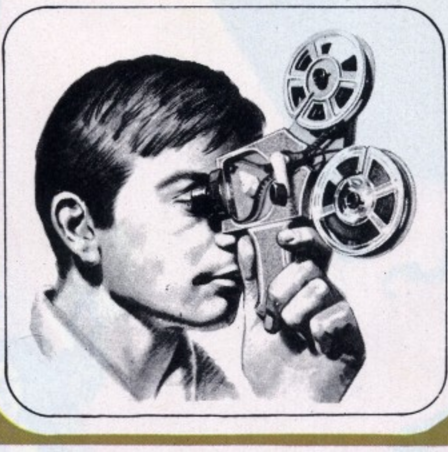
Caroline Dell in film number one



WHAT THEY COST

The Mayfair Film Society films are nearly 100 feet. They are available in colour at £5·25 each.

A special black-and-white preview version of the Caroline Dell film, produced mainly for Mayfair's own office use, is available to readers at £3·15.

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

The films are 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Standard 8 and Super 8. Please check which film your projector takes before ordering: the films are not interchangeable. For those buying a new projector, we recommend the Super 8 size, since it gives a larger image.

NO PROJECTOR?

We have especially arranged for Arrowtabs' Hand Movie Viewer to be made available to Mayfair readers. Made of styrene, with nylon bearings, it is operated by turning a crank handle. It has its own self-contained light source, so it does not have to be held up to the light. The advantage of the hand viewer is that any frame can be 'frozen' for closer inspection. A focusing eyepiece makes it easy to use it with or without spectacles. The viewer is illustrated in use on the left. There are two models available – the Standard 8 and Super 8 – both priced at £1·97½ each.

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for.......................

Please send me.................Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for......................

If you require the black-and-white version of the Caroline Dell film, please tick here ....

Name..(I am over 18)

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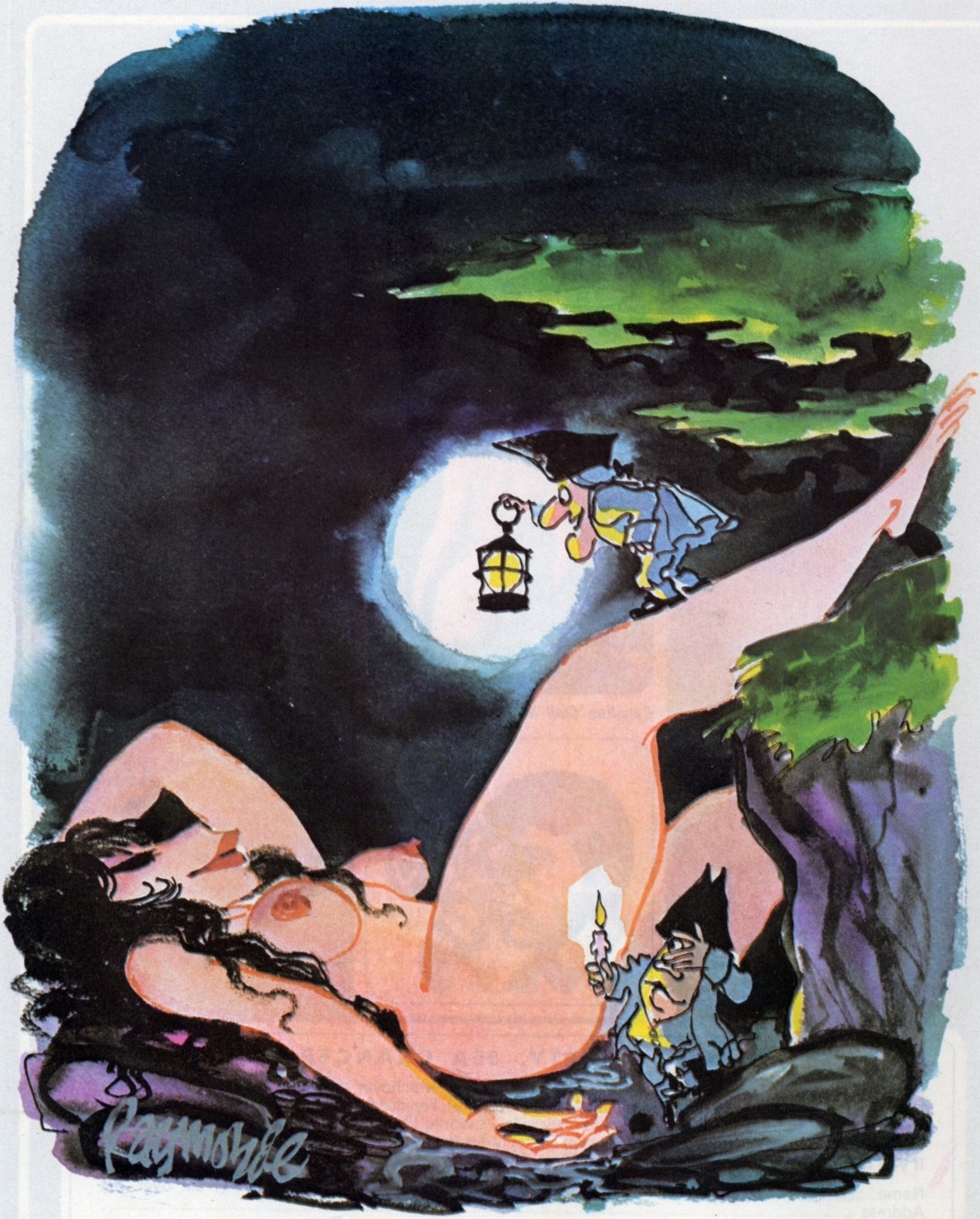
If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.

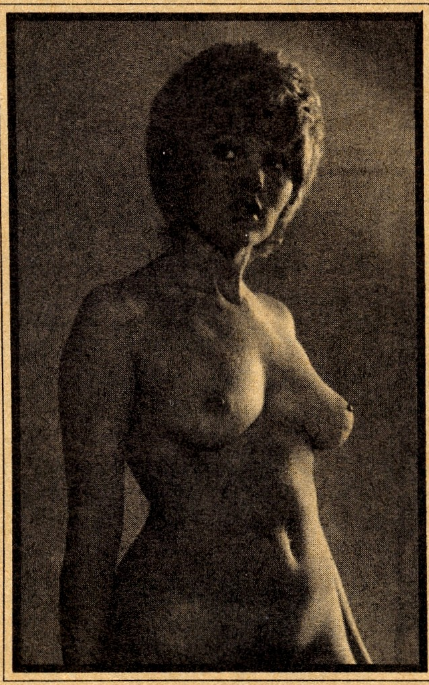


'Now that, *Charlie, is what I call a giant'*

Next Month in Mayfair

BEAUTY IS NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE

Sex appeal is from top to toe. The whole girl, naked and natural. Shyly proud. This is the meaningful outlook of girls in Britain today; bred to the mini-skirt and enjoying the freedom of a more liberal society. So today's girls come to us and say 'This I show with pride.'



We're proud to photograph Paula, a girl whose smooth body is a poetry of curves, a masterpiece of subtle shadows and sumptuous highlights. She is a Temporary. Last month working in an advertising agency, this month in a shipping office, next month in Mayfair. Watch for her.

INVASION: The word spread unease over Britain in 1940; but it meant sheer panic in 1810 when the nation of shopkeepers expected Napoleon as their customer. Mayfair discloses the curious artifacts, the fantastic inventions which were conceived by Napoleon to defeat the island race.

Why should wetness add sex appeal to a woman? Is it the way that material clings to the curves? Is it the shine of mackintosh; the helplessness of a girl given a good ducking; or the thought that skin-tight wet clothes must be removed? Mayfair investigates while Ronald Cobb illustrates.

Loud laughter rings through Mayfair. The cartoons are being selected. Roy Raymonde creates his nubile maidens for your delight. In plods Fieldvole with his clumpy workmen and festooned knights. Caz's little folk scamper from the North. All to ensure you feel better for buying Mayfair.

What happens to the English girl on holiday? We all know the story. She turns into a near nymphomaniac: it's no holiday unless she's been bedded by some beach Romeo. But what is the truth? With Mayfair's incomparable interview technique the girls speak for themselves. Revelations!

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To Miss Pat Asquith, Mayfair Reader Service, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me the next twelve issues of Mayfair, for which I enclose cheque/postal order for £3·60

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